



Said Kitty to Jennie
As they passed Inez,
"Have you ever heard of her family trees?"

Said Jennie to Kitty
(The arch little lady),
"Only that they are exceedingly shady."

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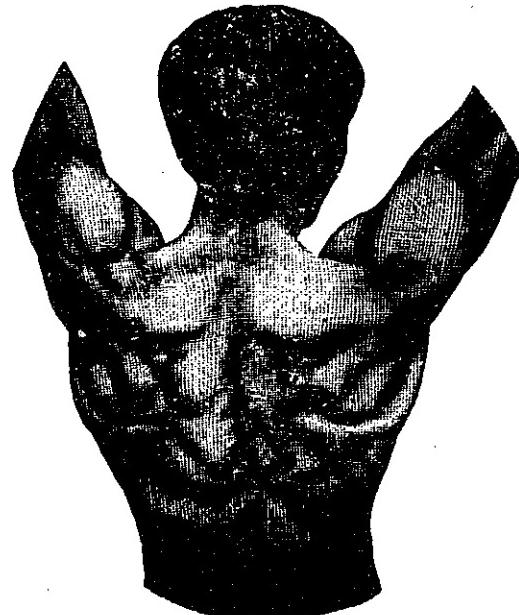
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THE TECH

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THE TECH

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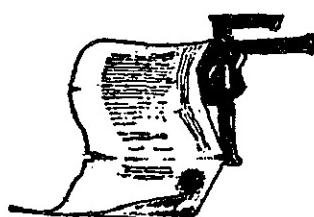
For the benefit of students THE TECH will be pleased to answer all questions and obtain all possible information pertaining to any department of the College.

Contributions are requested from all undergraduates, alumni, and officers of instruction. No anonymous manuscript can be accepted.

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OR the benefit of those of our readers who are interested in college journalism, we give an outline of the system by which men are chosen for the staff of THE TECH. In brief, it is this: candidates for the Board of Editors are required to hand in articles for publication on subjects coming within the field of the paper. Each man is then credited with what he writes, and, as soon as he shows that he is capable of doing satisfactory work, he is elected to the Board. Exceptional ability is not demanded, and the average man will find that perseverance and work of a reasonable amount and quality are the chief requisites for success. The amount of time that it is neces-

sary to spend on the paper is so small that it does not interfere with study, while the value of the experience gained and the pleasure that is to be found in the work is certainly greater than in any other field of undergraduate enterprise.

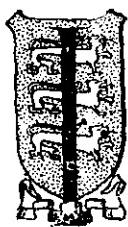
Men are needed from the two lower classes; and especially upon the entering class do we wish to impress the importance of representation upon the staff of THE TECH. Another art editor is also wanted, and the opportunity offered for practice in drawing for reproduction will doubtless be appreciated. The Editor in Chief will be pleased to meet and give information and help in regard to the work to men from any of the classes who wish to try for the Board.



N the athletics column will be seen a statement of the finances of the Athletic Association. At the beginning of last year the Association started clear of debt, and with cash on hand.

Besides that, with one of the best Track teams Tech. has ever had, and, most of all, under very efficient management, the Association lost more than two hundred and fifty dollars in the dual meet with Amherst. Whose fault was it? We do not have to go far to find the answer. Of the two hundred and fifty spectators at the games, about half were from Technology. Think of it! One man out of every ten men in the Institute had enough college spirit to go to a Tech. meet once last year. But under such disheartening circumstances, the Track team not only defeated Amherst, but lost the New England championship only by the illness of one of its men. To go to Worcester, the Track team

among themselves furnished \$60 of the necessary expenses. Now this year's management is going to make an earnest effort to finish the year not only free of all debt, but with the New England championship flag. The men of the Institute will be given a chance to show their college spirit in a few weeks. A minstrel show will be held in order to raise the present debt. Let us at least make this a grand financial success.



N another column we reprint a clipping from the *Army and Navy Journal*, showing the part Capt. John Bigelow took in the desperate charge on San Juan Hill on July 1st. It shows what those of us who have listened to the lectures on Military Science during the past three years never doubted—that when the time for action came, Captain Bigelow would be found at the front. It is interesting to recall that less than a year ago we were told by Captain Bigelow that it was impossible to carry a fortified position without an attacking force outnumbering the defense three to one. That was theory. At San Juan these conditions were reversed, and no man realized what the attack might cost better than Captain Bigelow, yet no man acted more bravely.

The New Trophy Room.

THE dream of THE TECH and the Institute Committee is at last to be realized, and Technology is to have a trophy room. At the beginning of the term President Crafts invited members of a number of Technology societies to meet him in his office, and there unfolded to them a plan which embodied a joint trophy room and office for the various societies.

The room to be devoted to this purpose is number 34 Rogers, and will be available as soon as the new Mathematical Library is completed, and the books now in Room 34 removed. It is proposed to place a large

cabinet outside the room in the hall, in which the banners and cups won by the Institute may be displayed, and at the same time be placed much more prominently before the students than would be possible if they were kept in the room. The walls of the room will display photographs of the Track teams, etc. Societies so desiring will have desk room, and book-cases will be provided in which records, papers, or books may be placed on file.

In furtherance of this plan, representatives of the Institute Committee, the Co-operative Society, the musical clubs, Y. M. C. A., Football Association, and Athletic Association held a meeting on October 12th to discuss the matter. It was voted that the Co-operative Society should purchase the desks, and rent them to the various societies. Messrs. G. C. Winslow, W. O. Adams, and J. L. Tufts were appointed a committee to take charge of the room. It will be necessary to make a schedule of meetings in order to avoid conflicts; therefore all societies desirous of availing themselves of office and committee room privileges will please communicate at once with the chairman of the committee in charge, G. C. Winslow.

Forgets No One But Himself.

THE STORY OF AN ARMY HERO.

HERE is a great illustration of the stuff out of which the American soldier is made. On a cot in the army hospital at Fort McPherson reclines a captain with four Spanish bullet holes in his body and limbs. On July 1st that captain was in the advance as our men swept up the San Juan hill. A bullet struck his leg, but without stopping to stanch the flow of blood he pushed along, calling upon his men to follow. A private sprang forward to carry him from the field, but with a leap the captain was on his feet again, pointing his sword to the summit of the hill, calling out: "Steady there, on the right. Forward!"

With the blood dripping from one leg, and with his sword hand marked with the same

stains, he led on his brave followers a few feet, when suddenly he reeled and dropped to the earth again. This time he lay there without an effort to rise. He could not rise, for two bullets had hit him at the same time. Again help came to him, but again he thought not of himself, but victory.

"Go on," he said to the soldiers who bent down to help him. "You are needed there, not here! Take that hill; tell your comrades I say to be the first to reach the top! Take that hill, I say. Forward!"

A wild yell answered the wounded captain's orders, and in a second his men had passed him.

Reclining on the ground, half raised on his elbow, that captain forgot his pain as he watched with pride the unbroken line and the steady tramp of his men as they moved on. A half hour later the captain felt himself lifted into a litter, and then all was a blank to him until he awoke to find himself in a field hospital, with a surgeon and a Red Cross nurse near him.

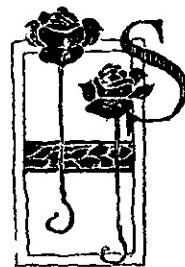
"There, that will do," said the surgeon, seeing that the captain was about to speak; "be quiet, and we will try to pull you through."

"Pull me through!" said the captain, impetuously and determinedly. "Pull me through? I guess you will. I am all right. Go on to some poor fellow who needs you."

The next day that same captain was jolted over a rough road in an army ambulance to Camp McCalla, miles away. Then he was transferred to a hospital ship by litter and boat. That ship brought him to Key West. There the litter came into play again as he was carried to the hospital train, which began the journey to Atlanta. On the way up the train had a rear-end collision, jolting the captain's bunk.

To-day he props himself on his elbow and exchanges pleasantries with Atlanta women who carry him flowers just to have a word with an American who won't give up.—*Army and Navy Journal*.

My First Burglar.



ON after our marriage, my husband told me one morning that important business would oblige him to leave me for two days. I was filled at once with deepest consternation, for not only did I hate to give him up so soon in our honeymoon, but to me, who had always lived in the heart of the city, our little suburban house seemed an awfully dangerous place without a masculine presence. You see I am not a "new woman," and I am afraid of all sorts of things they would scorn; for instance, I am mortally afraid of a mouse.

But this morning Harry laughed at me and jollied me so much that I began to think my fears as foolish as he did, and when he finally said he would bring mother out to stay with me while he was gone, I was tolerably content.

Sure enough, that afternoon he drove her out (in a buggy, I mean, not by any other method), and soon after he packed his dress-suit case and kissed me good-by; it was our very first married good-by, and as he had pretended before our wedding day that there were to be absolutely no good-bys in the future, no wonder I felt ill-used.

As long as it was light, mother and I were quite happy and comfortable, but after dinner it was awful! Bridget, my maid (looking back upon Bridget,—I suppose she was my maid,—then I saw her through a halo of domestic inexperience and I secretly acknowledged her my mistress) was brave enough, but she was down in the kitchen, and I didn't quite like to ask her to come upstairs and hold our hands. So mother and I sat there and looked at each other, and imagined every creaking door and soughing wind to be the steps of approaching burglars. You see mother wasn't much help, for she was more nervous than I; indeed, I think that very fact was a little grain of comfort, it is so nice to have someone a little worse off than one's self.

Harry had left his pistol for me loaded with blank cartridges ; at first I had been deathly afraid of it, even empty. But we compromised with the blank cartridges, for, as I told Harry, the noise would surely be enough to scare any one away, and if it didn't, it was just the same, for I wouldn't shoot a loaded one, even at a burglar, for anything.

Finally mother and I went to bed, with the pistol on a convenient table, and the next thing we knew it was morning, and we were safe.

Consequently the second night we felt bolder, and when Bridget said about seven that she would like to go in town for a couple of hours, I had no especial objection.

But, alas for our false confidence, she had not been gone half an hour when the side-door bell rang loud and long. Mother and I jumped as if we had heard the crack of doom. My first thought was Harry ; I was sure he had been killed in a railroad accident, and that this was the dispatch. Mother's first thought was burglars. Then we decided that messenger boys usually came to the front door, and that burglars did not ring at all, as a rule ; however, fearing there might be exceptions, we decided to peep. I volunteered to do the act, and discovered the intruder was a queer-looking, slouchy man ; to me he seemed a monster.

Just then another and still more violent peal of the bell sounded through the house. Mother started ; I screamed. What should we do ?

At last I made a bold and desperate resolve. I went to the window, raised it and called : "Who is there ? What do you want ?"

My only answer was another ring of the bell, followed by what I suppose was a mild knock, but what seemed to us a terrific pounding, on the door.

"Go away," I cried, rendered desperate by fright ; then, prompted by a sudden brilliant thought, I continued, "My husband says he will come down and send you off if you don't say right away what you want."

In vain ! He continued to lean stolidly against the side of the door. He didn't even

deign to glance up ; on the contrary, he seemed to be looking all around the house, and I straightway imagined he was deciding the best place to force an entrance.

Just then I thought of my pistol. "Look here," I called out to my desperado ; "I don't want to do it, but if you won't go, I am going to shoot."

When mother saw me go for the pistol she gave way entirely, and burst into tears, and declared we were both the same as dead, that we would never see father and her other children again ; and went on so dreadfully I had a great mind to ask the man if he would go away if I would hand him the silver out the window. But it was my wedding silver, and I could not quite bring myself to that ! Mother told me it was no use even if I did shoot him, for he was sure to have dozens of confederates hidden all around, and my nearest neighbors were about an eighth of a mile away, so that we would surely be murdered before they could get to us.

I cheerfully told her that the pistol had five barrels ; that maybe when I had killed five of them the rest would run.

Indeed, the pistol seemed so dreadful to me, that I hardly considered blank cartridges less dangerous than bullets. Grasping it valiantly, and holding my arm well in front of me, I returned to the window. "Here," I said, "is your last chance. If you don't go, I shoot."

I gave him a moment's grace whilst I counted ten ; then I shut my eyes, extended my arm out of the window as far away from myself as I could reach, pointed at the stars, and pulled the trigger. The noise it made was terrific. Unfortunately, I had not an extra pair of hands for my ears !

Then, truly, the unexpected happened ! I had hoped he would run ! I had feared he would break into a volley of oaths, and bang the door down ! But he only lifted his hand, beat a lazy tattoo on the door, and then fixed himself comfortably in a sitting posture on the steps ; my great *coup* had failed.

"Great heavens, mother," I said, wildly shaking her to make her take her fingers out of her ears; "he is mad, perfectly mad! I am sure he has escaped from some asylum."

"Poor creature! Do you really think he's mad?" mother asked.

"I am perfectly sure he is," I replied, truthfully. "Or else"—a fearful possibility dawned upon me—"he is trying to make us think so to get us off our guard."

You see, by this time mother and I did not have a grain of sense left between us, and we could not appreciate how absurd our ideas were! While we stood there helplessly looking at each other, an inspiration came to mother. There was a window directly over the door where our burglar was sitting. She took the large pitcher from my washstand, and filled to the brim with cold water, and carrying it noiselessly to the window emptied it unceremoniously upon our man.

It was most effective. He looked up, gave us one look, so ridiculous, with his dripping clothes for a setting, and yet so pitiful, we were half inclined to repent our act in spite of his audacity. The next minute he hurried off. We watched him out of sight; then we looked at each other, and each read in the other's eyes the question, "Will he come back?"

He did not come back, but, what was quite appalling, neither did Bridget! At last we gave her up, and went to bed; but I fear our dreams were disturbed.

Next morning our recreant maid appeared. I went down to my lower regions to venture timidly a remonstrance to the lady who presided there; but before I could speak came this: "It's Bridget O'Brian that's lavin' yez to-day, marm. I don't stay no place where me relatives are not trated with the proiper respict; a foine recipcion yez giv to me poor deaf and dumb bruther lasht noight,—whin he walked all the way from the town to sae me, and got a pitcher of wather all over his bist Sunday clothes.

M. B. M., '99.

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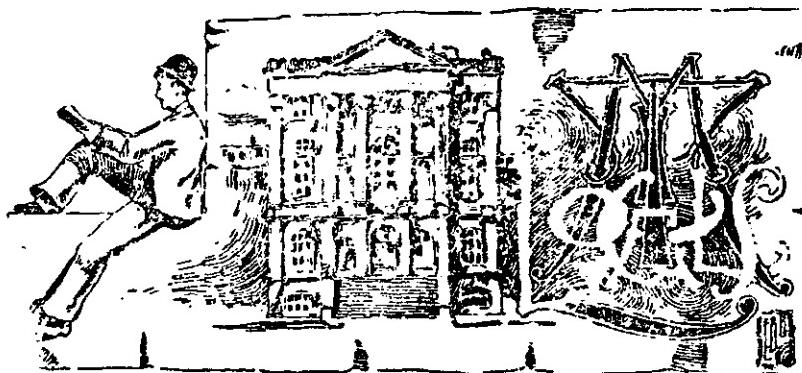


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A meeting of the Class of '02 was held on October 17th. The constitution was adopted and a manager for the football eleven chosen.

It is a daring hope to express, but perhaps with the completion of the "Westminster Chambers," "Engineering Alley" may be improved.

The new building is now partially in the possession of the various departments to be quartered there. A week more will see it in running order, it is hoped.

Mrs. Ellen H. Richards of the Institute will deliver a paper at the annual meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae to be held at Philadelphia on October 27th to 29th.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, October 18th, the following officers were elected: H. M. McMaster, '00, President; R. P. Priest, '00, Vice President; Ray Murray, '01, Treasurer; S. C. Sears, '00, Secretary, and G. C. Winslow, '99, Manager of the Track team.

The Civil Engineering Society held its first session on Thursday evening, October 13th. Mr. Bernard Herman, '99, gave an interesting account of the work done at the Summer School of '98, held at Lancaster, Mass. His talk was amply illustrated by maps and diagrams.

The '99 class election resulted as follows: A. L. Hamilton, President; W. S. Newell, First Vice President; W. O. Adams, Second Vice President; M. S. Sherrill, Secretary; S. Motch, Treasurer; Executive Board, A. R. Holliday and J. Stone, Jr.; Institute Committee, G. C. Winslow, H. L. Morse.

Many undergraduate members of the Technology Club will be interested to know that the price for the lunches is now but thirty cents. This will be welcome news to many who appreciate the mental value of a quiet, civilized, and wholesome luncheon in congenial surroundings, where one need not indeed talk "shop," but where "shop" talk will be understood.

The first Freshman Class meeting took place Wednesday, the 12th, at 2.15. Stewart, '00, opened the meeting. The following temporary officials were chosen: For Chairman, A. E. Lombard; Secretary, C. W. Kellogg, Jr.; Captain of Football team, Allyn; Committee on the Constitution, I. R. Adams, P. E. Chalifoux, A. C. Wood, W. P. Harris, A. S. More. The meeting then adjourned to Monday, at 1.00.

Technology Calendar.

October 21.—Y. M. C. A. meeting, 26 Rogers, 4.10 p. m.

October 22.—Football: Varsity vs. Worcester Polytechnic Institute, at the South End Grounds, 3 p. m. '901 vs. New Hampshire State College, at Durham, N. H. Shoot of the Gun Club at Wellington. Trains leave Union Station at 1.47 p. m. and 2.45 p. m. Hare and Hounds, from Milton Academy.

October 25.—Meeting Die Gesellschaft, 27 Walker, 4 p. m.; Professor Vogel will speak.

October 26.—Meeting L'Avenir, 26 Walker, 4.15 p. m. Debate of the Technology Debating Society, 11 Rogers, 4.10 p. m. Football: '901 vs. Boston Latin School, Massachusetts Avenue Field, 3.30 p. m.

Y. M. C. A. Reception to 1902.

LAST Saturday evening Rogers corridor was the scene of the Annual Y. M. C. A. Reception given to the new men. It was expected that the new library would be finished in season to be opened for the first time on this occasion, but delays in interior finishing prevented this. After assembling in the corridor, while the orchestra played several marches, the gathering adjourned to Room

11, where C. M. Lewis, '99, President of the Association, welcomed them, and introduced Mr. H. L. Morse, '99, as the first speaker of the evening.

Mr. Morse, as President of the Athletic Association, urged the new men to keep their health and strength by supporting their Alma Mater in athletics. If it is impossible for a man to go into training he should at least help the teams by his support financially.

Mr. Geo. Isaac Fiske, '98, in a few words told his hearers how little they appreciated their life here, as compared with the work they must face after graduation.

Mr. Gilbert, of Yale, Secretary of the Collegiate Branch of the Boston Y. M. C. A., gave a short talk on "Heroism and Loyalty." He urged students to be loyal to their convictions and their Christian duties.

President Crafts spoke of the students entering college with high ideals and the necessity of living up to them. He mentioned the past glories and achievements of the Spanish nation, and how it has lived up to them in the present, and compared this with the rise and progress of the English-speaking nation. He concluded with the advice, "Prove everything by practice, then hold fast that which is true."

The Technology Club.

In addition to the club talk on the "Trans-Mississippi Exposition," by Mr. C. Howard Walker on November 18th, and the excursion to the Metropolitan Water Basin at Clinton on October 29th, the following "events" are settled:—

Saturday Evening, November 5th, Dr. Franklin H. Giddings, Professor of Political Science at Columbia University, will give a smoke talk on some topic of general interest; and on

Friday Evening, November 11th, Dr. Paul Du Chaillu, author of the "Land of the Gorilla," the "Land of the Midnight Sun," etc., will give a smoke talk, with about fifty

stereopticon pictures, on "The Great Equatorial African Forest; Among the Gorillas, Cannibals, and Pygmies."

Exeter 12; Tech. 0.

AFTER the good work of the team against Trinity the Exeter game was a great disappointment. The absence of Heckle and Captain Morse in some degree excuses this lapse, but not entirely. The great fault of the team was that it did not wake up until Exeter had made two touchdowns inside the first eight minutes. After this the team did better work and held Exeter for the rest of the game. Nolte's work was noticeably good throughout. In second half Stebbins received a rather serious injury, tearing both ligaments in his ankle.

The line-up was as follows: Chubb, r. e.; George, r. t.; Nesmith, r. g.; Laws, c.; McDonald, l. g.; Evans, l. t.; Stebbins and Stevens, l. e.; Blake, q. b.; Jouett, r. h.; Allen, l. h.; Nolte, f. b.

Tech. 6; Andover 5.

THE old initial sleepiness evident in the Exeter game came near losing or tying the game for Tech. Inside the first ten minutes Andover, by steady gains, made her touchdown, fortunately missing the try at goal. Toward the end of the game Tech. braced up and made a touchdown in the last three minutes, and Nolte kicked the goal. Two or three of the line men were obviously inferior to their opponents, but the end and behind the line work was good, although handicapped by wet ground. Maxson handled the team well, and Morse's running was good, as usual. Heckle is still out on account of his bad knee, and Stebbins is still in bed from his Exeter injury.

The line-up was as follows: Chubb, r. e.; George, r. t.; Nesmith, r. g.; Laws, c.; McDonald, l. g.; Copp, l. t.; Stevens, l. e.; Maxson, q. b.; Jouett and Allyn, r. h.; Morse, l. h.; Nolte, f. b.



Correspondence solicited from all who have been connected with the Institute.

'85. Mr. Donald MacRae is now captain of Company K, Second Regiment Infantry, North Carolina Volunteers.

'87. Fred Thompson, I., has been appointed by the President to the position of civil engineer, U. S. Navy, with the rank of lieutenant, junior grade. This is the result of a competitive examination for the position. Of the twenty-eight competitors but two passed, Mr. Thompson and a Mr. Rousseau of New York. During the past eleven years Mr. Thompson has held positions with the Keystone Bridge Co., of Pittsburg, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, the Richmond and Danville Railroad, the Carnegie Steel Company, and for the past five years has been bridge engineer of the Southern Railway.

'97. Mr. John H. Howland, I., in company with Mr. Sydney Walker, left America for the Hawaiian Islands October 1st. They intend to open a surveying office at Honolulu.

'98. Mr. Chester F. Drake, I., has opened an office as civil engineer at 15 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

'98. L. J. Seidensticker, V., is Mr. Gill's assistant in Gas and Oil Analysis.

'98. Mr. Lester D. Gardner, IX., is on the staff of the Chicago *Journal*. He says his present position is due more to the experience which he gained while on THE TECH and "Technique" boards than to anything else.

'99. Mr. John Magee, II., ex-Editor in Chief of THE TECH, is assistant to the president of the Magee Furnace Co., of Boston. His active duties consist in the superintendency of the company's main foundry at Chelsea.



The present indications are that Tech. will have the best relay team in its history.

As Tech. plays Worcester-Tech. October 22d at the South End Grounds, the Fall Handicap Meet is postponed to October 29th.

Every man, who has any talent in the minstrel line, will please hand in his name to W. O. Adams, Box 31. A meeting of candidates for the minstrel show, to be given by the Athletic Association, will be called in a few days.

Among the promising Freshmen candidates for the Track team are A. C. Wood in the half mile, and D. D. Field in the mile. Hoar, Pope, and Rowe are fast in the hurdles, while Hoar is a good broad jumper. Men are needed in the dashes and in the weights.

In spite of the inclement weather, nine men went on the second Hare and Hounds run Saturday, October 15th. Pray, '99, and Stockman, '01, as hares, laid an excellent trail, and the bad footing was no hindrance to the enjoyment of the run. The course of about eight miles, started from the Chestnut Hill pumping station, went around by Waban and Corey hills.

The Sophomore Football team won by a score of 6-0 in a hard-fought game with the Glenmore team of Lowell, on Saturday, October 15th. The Sophomores were considerably outweighed by their opponents, but put up an excellent game, their superiority lying in the work behind the line, and in end plays,

Haley made the touchdown for 1901. Emerson, 1900, captain of the Glenmores, put up a good game.

The Executive Committee of the Athletic Association held a meeting October 11th. Mr. Gray sent in his resignation from the secretaryship, as he is not coming back to the Institute. Mr. Winslow read his report for last year. The substance of the report is that the Association has liabilities of \$280, with assets of \$19 in cash, and a \$100 note due in March, 1899. The coming Fall Handicap Meet was discussed, and it was decided to have the Meet October 22d.

The tennis tournament preliminary round resulted: Singles, Belch beat Miller by default; Schneller beat Dupont 7-5, 6-4; Brownell beat Briggs 6-0, 6-1; Shepard beat Pope 6-2, 6-2. Doubles, Pope and Shepard beat Brownell and Crittenden 6-2, 6-2. First round, singles, Howe beat Foster 6-3, 6-1; Bradley beat Ashley 6-1, 6-1. Second round, Howe beat Foster 6-3, 6-1. Ayer and Thatcher defeated Street and Dupont in doubles in the first round 6-2, 4-6, 6-2.

A New Technology Periodical.

THE Association of Graduate Class Secretaries has made the beginnings of a new periodical, *The Technology Review*, to be issued quarterly. The Board of Editors is already organized, Mr. Hopkins at the Institute being Editor in Chief. The first number will be issued some time in January. *The Review* will bear to the social and Alma Mater side of the Institute the same relation that the *Technology Quarterly* does to the purely scientific side, and will be much more interesting to the uninitiated.

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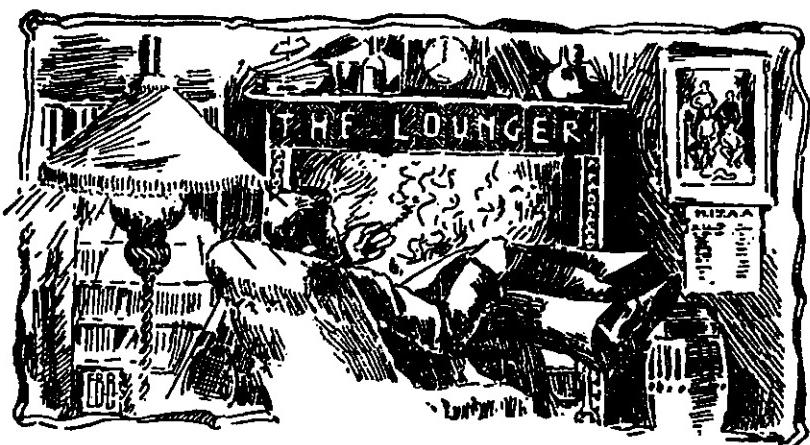
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THE wholly deplorable lack of interest shown by the Senior Class in its recent election of officers has been a source of no little regret, not to mention pain, to the Lounger. For as it fell out, there were on the entire ticket but two more candidates than officers. Thus, in the majority of cases, it became the painful operation of the properly qualified voter to choose between one man.

Were they elected? Of this no man may be sure, for is there not the exigency of lack of sufficient votes to constitute one election? And for this state of affairs to thrust itself upon us but one week after the editorial writer discoursed at such great length and beauty upon the manifold blessings incident to a full list of candidates! Truly, in the present case there seems to have been much waste of printers' ink and inordinate expenditure of good, valuable time in the checking of costly ballots. A rarer scheme, it would appear to the writer, would have been to refer the question quite properly to the Lounger, when a respectable, intelligent, and highly genteel selection would have been made without this "destruction of wealth," as our hero of Manilla would say. But even while weeping profusely over the sad course of '99, it is a joy to glance at the goodly lists of 1901. These gentlemen have followed the advice of the editorial writer, and, behold, it is rumored that ten bushel baskets will not hold the names of the candidates for vice president alone.

Amid the many changes that have been unwittingly enforced upon us during the summer siesta under the pseudonym of improvements; amid the tearful partings asunder of familiar features or associations; amid this great upheaval of educational earth, and the gradual settlement of the particles into grander but sadly foreign shapes,—amid all these whirlpools of environment, nothing so much creates the sentiments of constancy, stability, and immutability; above

all, nothing so much instills the conception of the imperturbability of time, as the meeting with an old, true friend. Such a friend the Lounger has found—such a constant, unchangeable friend, that it is a real pleasure to look upon its calm, unruffled face again. Many a time and oft while hastening up the stairs of Rogers in Freshman year, and since, has its cheerful face brought a temporary relief from the tardy mark and the forcibly locked door, until he, too, found that it, like myself, had long since ceased to hope to be on time. O Rogers' Clock on the stairs, with hands graciously extended at fifteen and a quarter minutes of the hour in welcome to the weary and forsaken, thou, at least, art with us once again; thou, at least, though others change, reveal'st no lapse of time; and thou, O Clock, wilt never, we are sure—perhaps canst never, by reason of rust—pass thine hands sadly over thy face and turn away!

It is indeed gratifying to the Lounger to witness the pleasing alacrity with which his timely precepts anent avoiding the crafty Soph., have evidently taken root and borne golden fruit in cerebral Freshman soil. As the Lounger was hurrying, as much as is consistent with his dignity, to his sanctum one noon not long since, to prepare a warning to his Freshmen flock, he became aware of a crowd of slouch-hatted, loud-voiced, sinister-eyed youths wending their miserable way toward Huntington Hall where, according to a bulletin duly inscribed and posted, the Freshmen were to hold their first class meeting. Mindful, undoubtedly, of the difficulties which newcomers often encounter in establishing an approved system of class politics, these noble-minded Sophomores had, it seems, charitably arranged to lend their aid entirely gratis to the occasion. Fearing, moreover, lest '02 should be overcome by a sense of gratitude, they had neglected to mention their intentions, but had nevertheless unanimously decided that "he-of-the-rosy-hued name" would unquestionably make a faultless Freshman president. But, alas! and here is where the Lounger industriously skims his cream, realizing how foolish it is to do anything yourself when some one else is willing to do it for you, '02 had coyly postponed their meeting, and not a Freshman was on the ground. Thus do the baleful schemings of bold but misguided youth ever fail before the piercing intellect, the honorable intentions, and the real steel pen of the Freshman's friend.

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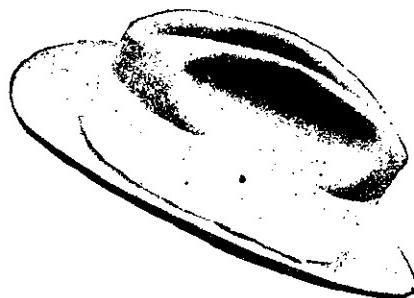
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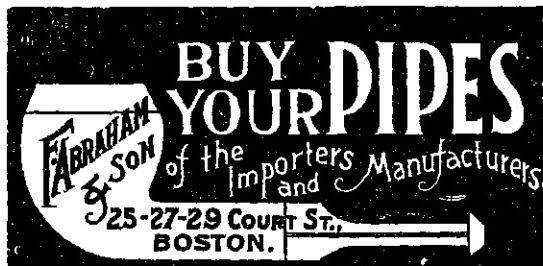
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